Been thus encountred: a figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, *Cap a pe*,
Appeares before them, and with ſolemne march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them: thrice he walkt
By their oppreſt and feare ſurpriſed eyes
Within this truncheons length, whilſt they diſtill'd
Almoſt to gelly with the act of feare,
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him: this to me
In dreadfull ſecrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had delivered, both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,
Theſe hands are not more like.

*Ham*. But where was this?

*Mar*. My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.

*Ham*. Did you not ſpeake to it?

*Hor*. My Lord, I did,
But anſwer it made none: yet once me thought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake;
But even then the morning Cocke crew loud,
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.

*Ham*. 'Tis very ſtrange.

*Hor*. As I doe live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

*Ham*. Indeed ſirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

*All*. We doe my Lord.

*Ham*. Arm'd ſay you?

*All*. Arm'd my Lord.

*Ham*. From top to toe?

*All*. My Lord, from head to foot.

*Ham*. Then ſaw you not his face?

*Hora*. O yes my Lord, he wore his beaver up.

*Ham*. What? lookt he frowningly?

*Hor*.



*Hor*. A countenance more in ſorrow than in a

*Ham*. Pale or red?

*Hor*. Nay very pale.

*Ham*. And fixt his eyes upon you?

*Hor*. Moſt conſtantly.

*Ham*. I would I had been there.

*Hor*. It would have much amaz'd you.

*Ham*. Very like: ſtaid it long?

*Hor*. While one with moderate haſte might

*Both*. Longer, longer.

*Hor*. Not when I ſaw't.

*Ham*. His beard was griſsled, no.

*Hor*. It was as I have ſeene it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.

*Ham*. I will watch to night,
Perchance 'twill walke againe.

*Hor*. I warn't it will.

*Ham*. If it aſſume my noble fathers perſon
Ile ſpeake to it, though hell it ſelfe ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be tenable in your ſilence ſtill,
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So fare you well,
Upon the platforme 'twixt eleven and twelve
Ile viſit you.

*All*. Our duty to your honour. *Ex*

*Ham*. Your loves, as mine to you; Farewell.
My fathers ſpirit in armes, all is not well,
I doubt ſome foule play, would the night were c
Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule, foule deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth orewhelme them to mens

*Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Si*

*Laer*. My neceſſaries are imbarkt, farewell,
And ſiſter, as the windes give benefit
And convay in aſſiſtant, doe not ſleep,
But let me heare from you.